

Beautiful Work

I marveled at the paintings that filled the display case
The red of the sunset as rich as blood
The white of the snow as pure as bone

A crowd began to push in around me
They clamored compliments as she came into view
Hanging up her new work of cherry blossoms
The petals a rich pink like the flush her cheeks used to have

She kept her bloodshot eyes on her work
Her graying skin mostly hidden in her worn sweater
Bones of her hands sticking through thin skin

She floated back into the art room
I shoved my way through the gaping mouths

She eased into a chair with a blank canvas
Slowly she brought her fingers up to her blank eyes
And pinched her right eye out of its socket

I started to back away as she placed the eye into the canvas
As my back hit the metal handle of the wooden door I heard
“I put a little bit of myself into everything I do”